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nor your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are exalted above the earth, so are my ways exalted above your ways, and my thoughts above your thoughts." (Isaiah lv, 8, 9.) "You see, then," says he, "that it would be worse than presumption for you to compare your ways with God's, which are so much exalted above you." "Well," says Ned, "I suppose 'tis true for you, I cannot compare my ways to God's; but still I am sure that Christ would sooner grant his blessed mother's request than mine, or any one besides me; for no one is so near to him as his blessed mother." Well, Sir, the reader then read for us these passages following: "And as He was yet speaking to the multitudes, behold his mother and his brethren stood without seeking to speak to Him; and one said unto Him, Behold thy mother and thy brethren stand without seeking thee. But He answering him that told him, said: Who is my mother, and who are my brethren? And stretching forth his hand towards his disciples, He said: Behold my mother and my brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father that is in heaven, he is my brother, and sister, and mother." (Matt. xii. 46-50.) "And now," says he to Ned, "will you hesitate to trust that loving Saviour who condescends to call every true follower of his by those endearing terms?" "Oh," says Ned, "I am still certain that 'tis better pray to the Blessed Virgin; for," says he, "she is more blessed than any one else." "So thought a certain woman," said the reader, "who gladly listened to the divine words which fell from the lips of her Saviour; for she exclaimed in the fulness of her heart, 'Blessed is the womb that bore thee, and the paps that gave thee suck' (Luke xi. 27). 'This, then,' says he, 'was the moment for Jesus to exalt his mother as the mediatrix—to declare her to be the Queen of heaven, the Advocate of sinners, and the Comforter of the afflicted, as she is falsely styled by the Church of Rome. Does he do so? No," says he; "but he declares, 'Yea, rather, blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it' (verse 28). And now," says the reader, "I would wish to correct a false impression that has been stamped on your minds—that we of the national Church of Ireland despise and reject the Blessed Virgin. We do not despise or reject her, and in proof of this we have in our prayer-books her hymn, which is always read at evening service; it is as follows:—'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is his name. And his mercy is on them that fear him throughout all generations. He hath showed strength with his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and hath exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away. He hath holpen his servant Israel in remembrance of his mercy; as he spake unto our fathers, Abraham and his seed for ever' (Luke i. 46-56). Now," says he, "you will all bear in mind that this hymn of the Blessed Virgin was addressed by her to God her Saviour, and we of the national Church of Ireland follow her example, and address this hymn in her own words to God our Saviour; for we dare not address this hymn to herself, for then we would be making her a God, and incurring the displeasure of our heavenly Father, who says that he is a 'jealous God, and will not give his glory to another.'"

Well, sir, when he'd heard the beautiful hymn read from the Protestant Prayer-book, he looked hymn surprised at his wife and then at me, "and," says he, "I own that hymn does not look like dishonouring the Blessed Virgin; but I think it gives her the right kind of honour; for it declares her blessed, as she herself prophesied." "Just so," says the reader; "and you may rely on it, that if the Blessed Virgin came down from heaven, she would pronounce the practice of praying to her instead of her Saviour as false and idolatrous. Remember, too," says he, "that if you love the Blessed Virgin you will pray to Jesus and not to her; for she desires you to do 'whatever He (Jesus) shall say to you.' The blessed Jesus says to you, 'Come to me all you that labour and are burdened, and I will refresh you. Take up my yoke upon you and learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is sweet, and my burden light' (Matt. xi., 28-30). Go to Him, then," says he, "for the Blessed Virgin desires you to 'whatever He says to you.' Are you troubled in heart or mind? if so, go to Jesus and you shall find peace—a peace which the world cannot give. He loves you with an infinite love; go to Him, then, for He only is 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and no man cometh to the Father but by him' (John xiv. 6). Go to Him," says he, "'For there is but one God and one mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus' (1 Tim. ii. 5). Go to Him, for St. Peter tells you, 'Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved' (Acts iv. 12). All these passages are from the Douay Bible.

If they should have any more talk hereafter on this subject I will let you know.—I remain, sir, your very obedient, humble servant, till death, HUMPHREY LEARY.

## BLACK IMAGES OF THE VIRGIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

SIR,—In your number of Dec., 1852, I perceive you give an account of an image of the Blessed Virgin at Tournay, whose face is quite black. Possibly you are not aware that there is another very celebrated black image of the Virgin Mary at Mariazell, in Styria, a very celebrated place of pilgrimage in the Austrian dominions, which has, by some, been called the *Loretto* of Germany, from the vast number of pilgrims who annually visit her shrine in that place.

The Church of Mariazell (which is situated in the midst of the Styrian mountains) is the largest and richest in Styria. Its treasury is, indeed, overloaded with riches, the votive offerings of pilgrims, imperial, regal, noble and ignoble, including a remarkable topaz, five inches in diameter, given by the Emperor Joseph II., and a diamond cross, presented by the Empress Maria Theresa. The image, which is about 18 inches high, and rudely carved to represent the Virgin, is said to be 700 years old, and perfectly black. She is seated in a chair, holding the infant Saviour in her arms, clothed in the costliest stuffs, and glittering with jewels and gems, true or false. The lamps, the altar, and other decorations, are of solid silver, the gifts of pious devotees, and I have been credibly informed that the total number of pilgrims who visit the spot in one year are scarcely less than 100,000, including a large number from Vienna itself, where, every year, at a stated season, printed bills are affixed to all the Church doors, stating the time fixed for the pilgrimage to Mariazell, and the indulgences to be obtained by it. Pilgrims assemble from every parish on the day appointed, and, headed by priests and banners, proceed on their journey, and generally arrive at Mariazell about the 2nd of July.

The scenes which take place there on such occasions are little better than those which have long disgraced certain places in Ireland. Though the town consists principally of inns and ale-houses to accommodate the perpetual influx of visitors, which never ceases all the year round, except when snow has rendered the mountains impassable, it is not possible, during the summer season, for the greater part of the crowd to find lodging; and even if it were, a large portion of them are too poor to pay for it. These, from necessity, and many others from less justifiable motives, spend the night in the neighbouring woods, both sexes intermingled, and till morning dawns they continue drinking and singing songs, which are anything but hymns of devotion.

Fighting used to be the order of the night, so long as the procession from Gratz (which is always likewise a numerous one) performed its pilgrimage at the same time with that from Vienna. The public scandal, however, which resulted from these disgraceful scenes at last made it necessary for the authorities to put an end to them, by ordering that the pilgrimages should take place at different times, and, consequently, that from Gratz does not now arrive till the 12th of August.

Such orgies seem worthy of a certain black gentleman rather than of the Blessed Virgin, in whose honour they profess to be performed; but why Christians of any class should have a preference for such sable images does certainly appear to be somewhat unaccountable.—Yours truly,

A CONSTANT READER.

We are obliged to our correspondent for calling our attention to the subject of pilgrimages, which we shall probably ere long give our readers some further information about. We were quite aware of the existence of the black virgin of Mariazell, and have ourselves seen some similar ones, and several pictures of great antiquity, mostly in the rude style of Byzantine art, representing the Virgin and child as of a negro complexion. These are usually stiff, ungainly productions, covered over with embroidered and tinselled silk or velvet, with two holes cut in it to allow the heads of the Virgin and child to be seen, and are resplendent with gold, diamonds, and other gems, the gifts of wealthy pilgrims. Sometimes the palladium of the shrine is a hideous black figure carved in wood, as the celebrated one of Alt-Cetting in Bavaria, one of the most frequented places of pilgrimage in Europe, which might well be termed the Bavarian Loretto, as thousands of devotees repair annually to the shrine of the Black Virgin there, whose image is said to have come from the east in the latter part of the seventh century.

There is an equally famous black image of the Virgin at Puy in the Velai, in France, which is said to be one of the most ancient figures of the Blessed Virgin, and to have been brought from Palestine about the time of the first crusade, and has a legend connected with it, which our readers may find in Mons. Collin de Plancy's *Legends of the Blessed Virgin*, p. 99, a work which we have already noticed in our pages. We need scarcely add, as he does, that we will not vouch for the authenticity of the details, though we think it indeed highly probable that such images were not of Christian origin.

"When the shepherds left the stable of Bethlehem (says Mons. de Plancy), and spread through the mountains the wonders of that sacred night on which the Saviour of the world was born, the happy tidings reached a tribe of Arabs on the confines of Egypt, who came to see our Lady and her divine infant. On their return they carved her image, representing her seated

with her holy child on her lap. This figure they attached to one of the columns of the Kaaba, and placed her in the number of their divinities. This fact is mentioned by Arabian historians. El Azhraki relates that the figure of the Virgin Mary, with the young Aissa (Jesus) upon her knees, was sculptured as a divinity against one of the columns of the Kaaba (or sacred dwelling), and that it was to be seen there at the time of Mahomet. This (continues Mons. de Plancy) is said to be the ancient image venerated at Puy, and, as well may be conceived, is the object of Mary's great complacency." He is good enough to subjoin for us the description of this image given by Faujas de St. Fond in his *Recherches sur les Volcans eteints du Vivarais et du Veluy*. This author, he says, was permitted to examine the statue minutely, and though of the modern philosophic school, describes it to be the most ancient one in France.

"It is placed (says De St. Fond) over a Roman altar, surmounted by a canopy. Both our Lady and her child are black; she is covered with a large mantle of cloth of gold, covered with precious stones and other enrichments. Her feet are covered with shoes of the same stuff; and her head is adorned with a crown of antique form, somewhat like an ancient helmet. Another crown of richer work and material is suspended over the figure; rows of small pearls hang from the back of the head like hair; her eyes are painted, and have small demi-spherical pieces of glass or crystal, which give them great lustre. The image is about two feet and a half high. Our Lady is seated in the manner of the ancient divinities of Egypt. The execution of the work is rude, and such as might be expected from the hands of primitive workmen. Its material is cedar wood, covered with small bands of linen, pasted over the wood in a very skilful manner, according to the Egyptian fashion. From this examination of it, St. Fond declared it to be an Egyptian statue!"

We think it likely that the still more celebrated image at Loretto, which we described in our last vol., p. 49 (from the account of the Roman Catholic historian, Rohrbacher), as made of cedar wood, is in like manner painted black; for there is at Prague, in Bohemia, opposite the Czernin Palace, a chapel, said to be an exact copy of the Holy House of Loretto, and the interior imitated correctly both in size and colour (apparently from casts of the original in plaster of Paris), in which the image of the Virgin is black; doubtless, in exact imitation of the far-famed original.

Of course, there are numberless legends of miracles done by those sable images, much on a par with that already recorded of the Virgin of Tournay, who, when that place was besieged, advanced to the ramparts, and by catching the balls of the besiegers in her apron saved the town, though she could not prevent her face being blackened with the powder! But as we fear our readers would scarcely be disposed to believe such stories without better proof than we are able to give them of their authenticity, we shall here close our notice of black virgins for the present.

## FABER ON THE SACRAMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I have been led by your article on Father F. W. Faber's late work on the Blessed Sacrament to look through the volume, and however I may agree with your criticism upon it in other respects, I really cannot assent to your observation that it is more dry than that gentleman's other works. On the contrary, it seems to me to be full of matter of the deepest interest, not only to those in whose craniums "the love of the marvellous" is more than ordinarily developed, but also to those whose prosaic temperament leads them to smile at the gullibility of the more credulous part of their fellow-countrymen.

To give an example or two. Would not ordinary readers almost suspect Father Faber of suppressed jocularity, when he tells us, in page 136, that St. Pascal Babylon's dead body used to teach the devotion of the Blessed Sacrament, by knocking in its coffin whenever the host was elevated in the Church where it was! or that Jane the Meatless, the Norfolk maiden, could distinguish a consecrated host amid numbers that were unconsecrated; or that a man mentioned by Gerson could detect the Blessed Sacrament by the sense of smell! (p. 532). So serious, however, is the good father, that he actually takes the trouble to enumerate and classify the saints who could feel, taste, smell, hear, and see the Blessed Sacrament. Gorres, he tells us, gives the following examples:—1. Those who could feel it—Mary of Agreda, and Rose of Lima. 2. Those who could taste it—Lucy of Adelshausen, Angela of Foligno, Ida of Louvain. 3. Those who could smell it—Giles of Rheggio, Catherine of Siena, Philip Neri, Herman Joseph. 4. Those who could hear it—Jerome Gratian, Henri Luso, Joseph of Cupertino. 5. Those who could see it—Joseph of Cupertino, Veronica of Binasco, Peter of Toulouse, Catherine of Siena, Mary of Oignies, &c. (p. 532, note).

In the same page he tells us that, "One day St. Theresa was lifted up from the ground in an ecstasy at the moment of communion, so high that the priest could not reach her to give her the host. Suddenly, he saw it escape from his fingers and fly into her mouth!" In

page 533, he gives us a similar story of the Princess Margaret of Bavaria, whose face grew so bright, when one Rader was giving her the communion, that he was seized with fear, and could not find the host which he was about to give her. Believing that it had fallen from his hands in his fright, he made a scrupulous search for it. But it had flown into Margaret's mouth simultaneously with the wonderful light which appeared in her face. This attraction sometimes operates from a great distance, of which he proceeds to give several examples. The chapter is appropriately headed, "The Magnet of Souls." *Nicholas de Flue*, he tells us in p. 521, after he had embraced the solitary life, lived only on the holy eucharist; St. Angela of Foligno (p. 525) did so for 12 years; and the aforesaid Norfolk maiden, *Jane the Meatless*, 15 years!

Is it possible to help smiling at the following account of Mary of Oignies, p. 529—"She often saw at the elevation our Lord under the form of an infant, sometimes under the form of a lamb or dove. At Christmas she saw him as an infant on his mother's lap, and at Candlemas in the arms of Simon. One Candlemas He lighted her candle for her when it had gone out," &c.

The volume is full of similar stories, which I confess appear to me to border closely on the profane; and yet this volume has been lauded by all the Roman Catholic periodicals as a work of singular merit and piety.

Yours,

SCAUTATOR.

#### DOES ST. PETER TEACH PROTESTANT DOCTRINE?

MR. EDITOR.—While I was at work yesterday, one of the boys passed by, and says he, "Did you hear the news?" "No," says I, "what is it?" "Why," says he, "it's all through the country that Father John went to Jerry, and made him give up his Bible; and if that's true, I'm thinking we'll have to give up Bible reading and discussion for the future." Well, sir, I was longing for the work to be over that I might hear all about it; so when the dark came on I slipped over to Jerry's, and the first thing I seen when I entered the house was himself, sitting at the fire, with the Douay Bible in his hand. "Why, then, how on earth did you get back the Bible?" says I. "I never parted with it," says he. "Didn't Father John come and take it away?" says I. "He came, sure enough," says he; "but he didn't take it away." "How was that?" says I. "Why," says he, "last week the priest rode up to the door, and says he, 'Are you within, Jerry Donovan?' 'I am, your reverence,' says I, and out I came to him. 'Jerry,' says he, 'I'm going through the parish gathering up the Bibles that the jumpers have been giving out to the people; for they're destroying you entirely, and setting you up against your clergy, and putting all sorts of bad notions into your heads; so,' says he, 'give it here to me at once.' 'The Bible never put bad notions into any one's head,' says I; 'and, moreover, I'll prove to your reverence.' 'Stop your jaw,' says he, 'I'm not come here to argue with the likes of you; but tell me, in one word, will you give up the Bible?' 'In one word, then,' says I, 'I won't give it up.' Well, with that, he got as red in the gills as a turkey cock, and closed up to me on the horse, and made as if he was going to lay the whip across my back; but I just laid my hand on the fial that was lying near, and looked him straight in the face; so, with that, he stopped, and says he, 'You unfortunate reprobate, is it going to strike your clergy you are?' 'I'd be sorry,' says I, 'to lay a finger on your reverence; but so sure as you strike me I'll let you see that two can play at that game.' Well, he gave me a look as if he'd eat me with a grain of salt, and, says he, 'Wait till Sunday and I'll pay you off for this. I'll curse yourself, and your wife, and child; I'll curse the bones of your father and mother; I'll curse all belonging to you, and every one amongst you that don't give up those books of the Devil.' 'If you do,' says I, 'you'll be sorry for it.' 'Why so?' says he, 'Because,' says I, 'there's many of us that's reading the Bible, and we don't want to leave our religion at all, but only to examine it by the Word of God; but so sure as you curse us we'll go over to the Protestants.' Well, he seemed to cool down greatly at that, and he rode away, very quiet in himself. "And," says I, "did he curse you the next Sunday?" "Never a curse," says Jerry, "nor a word about it, good or bad." "Well," says I, "I'm surprised that you had the courage to face him; and I'm more surprised again that he didn't pay you off for daring to oppose him: sure he gave Jack Brennan a horse-whipping, and made him do penance in a white sheet and a big candle in his hand, just because he had a Bible in his house, though the poor fellow gave it up at once." "Well," says Jerry, "twas just because I did face him boldly that he knocked under to me; and if Jack had the courage to face him he would have escaped the flogging and the penance; but," says he, "it's always the greatest voteen that's most trampled on by the priests, if he happens to offend them; and while the fellow that don't care a pin about the priests gets off free, the poor fellow that would kiss the very dust under their feet gets flogged and beaten, just because the priest knows that he's afraid of him; and," says he, "poor Jack Brennan is a proof of this: he fell down on his knees before Father John, and gave up the Bible at once, and what did he gain by

it but a beating and a heavy penance? while there's Andy, and myself, and many more of the boys that wasn't afraid of him, and that faced him boldly, and see how he knocked under to us; and," says he, "if every man in Ireland had courage to face the priest boldly, and refused to give up their Bibles, there isn't a priest in the country would dare curse them or lay a finger on them." "Troth, then," says I, "I don't doubt but you're right, for evermore, it's them that care least for the priest that gets the best quarters out of him; but," says I, "is the Bible troubling you as much as it did?" "It's it that is," says he, "and, more by token, it's the queer part that's troubling me now." "What part is that?" says I. "St. Peter's Epistle," says he. "Well," says I, "whatever other part of it troubled you, I never thought that a good Roman would be troubled by anything St. Peter wrote. I give up St. Paul entirely, for I'm thinking he must have been half a Protestant; but sure St. Peter—that's the head of our Church—wouldn't say anything against us." "So I thought myself," says he; "but the more I read his letters the more I'm beginning to think that there must be some mistake, and that he didn't belong to us at all. Just listen to what he says—'Sanctify the Lord Christ in your hearts, being ready always to satisfy everyone that asketh you a reason of that hope which is in you.'"<sup>a</sup> There's a slap for you," says he; "and myself does be doubting whether our religion can be the religion of St. Peter at all, seeing that our priests will never come forward honestly, and satisfy any one that asks them a reason of the hope that is in them." "Sure enough," says I, "it's a hard cut; and if 'twas a Protestant said it I wouldn't mind it so much, but it's very hard entirely to have St. Peter down upon us and we fighting for him every day, and standing up for him as the head of our religion." "The truth is," says Jerry, "that text bothers me entirely; for if we followed St. Peter's orders we should meet the Protestants fairly and reason with them; but, instead of that, our priests will not come forward, and they order us never to answer a Protestant at all. Didn't Father John tell us the Sunday before last never to enter into argument with a Protestant? and, says he, 'if they speak to you on religion, try to get away from them as soon as you can; but, above all, remember never to answer them.' And now, Dan," says he, "is that like St. Peter? No, 'tis the very opposite to him, and its often I think the Protestant clergy are more like St. Peter than what our priests are; for they are always 'ready to satisfy every one that asketh them a reason of the hope which is in them,' but the priests refuse to give any reason for their religion." "But," says I, "it's the bishops that forbid all discussions." "Troth then," says he, "it's a bad sign of them to be afraid of discussion; and," says he, "the Protestants give them fair play—sure the editor of the CATHOLIC LAYMAN promised to send his paper free to any priest, and to put into the paper whatever he had to say in defence of our religion, and could anything be fairer than that?" "Indeed," says I, "it is a fair offer, and if they don't accept it, I won't know what to say. But, sure, Father John told us that arguments and disputing were entirely against the word of God?" "It's easy seen," says Jerry, "that he knew but few of us had the word of God, or he wouldn't say such a thing as that. Sure any one that has a Bible can read about St. Paul, that when he was at Athens 'he disputed in the synagogue with the Jews,'<sup>b</sup> and when he came to Ephesus he disputed there, and for three months together he continued 'disputing and exhorting,' and he wasn't content with doing it now and then, but 'he disputed daily' in the school of one Tyrannus;<sup>c</sup> and there's St. Peter telling us that we should be 'ready always to satisfy everyone that asketh us a reason of the hope which is in us.' So 'tis plain that the Apostles weren't like our priests, for they disputed openly before the people, and weren't ashamed or afraid to defend their religion; so that we see plainly, in spite of what Father John says, that controversy isn't against the word of God. And even Doctor Milner has to allow this; for he says, 'to religious controversy, when originating in its proper motives, and desire of serving God, and securing our salvation, I cannot declare myself an enemy, without virtually condemning the conduct of Christ himself, who on every occasion arraigned and refuted the errors of the Pharisees.'"<sup>d</sup> And now, Dan," says he, "tell me why are our priests so much against discussion?" "Well," says I, "that's more than I can tell, but I suppose they're afraid that 'twould injure our religion." "You have it at last," says he, "that's the very reason; but doesn't it prove plainly that our religion can't be the religion of St. Peter? for he ordered his people to be always ready to satisfy everyone that questioned them, and he wouldn't have given such an order if it injured his religion." "True for you," says I, "and it looks very like as if his religion wasn't the same as ours." "I think it proves it plainly," says Jerry; "for if he was a Roman Catholic he daren't have written such a verse, and if he was alive now the bishops would be down on him at once, and it's a doubt to me but they'd curse him with bell, book, and candle, or excommunicate him at the least for teaching Protestant doctrine." "Well," says I, "I must allow that St. Peter seems to be in

favour of discussion, and I can't tell for the life of me why our priests are so much afraid of it." "Listen to me," says he, "and I'll tell you what I seen the other day, and 'twill explain it all to you:—Two gossoons were playing pitch and toss, and when one fellow lost, the other chap told him to hand out the copper; so after a deal of rummaging in his pocket (I suppose he had to hunt it into a corner before he could catch it), he pulled it out at last; but the little fellow looked very suspicious at it, and (saving your presence) he spit on it, and rubbed it in the cuff of his old jacket, and still he didn't seem half pleased with it. 'Is it doubting it, you are?' says the big fellow. 'Faix, yes,' says he, 'for I can't see either head or harp on it.' 'Don't doubt it any longer,' says the other, 'for I tell you it's a good penny, and let me see if you'll have the impudence to doubt my word.' 'By no manner of means,' says the little fellow; 'but still 'twill do no harm just to ring it on a stone, and that will prove whether it's good.' 'Why, then, bad luck to your impudence,' says the big fellow; 'how dare you be after doubting my word: by this and by that, I've a good mind to kick you down the street!—and with that he walked away. So the little fellow looked after him very sorrowful, and says he, 'that's poor satisfaction anyhow.' And now, Dan, tell me why the big fellow wouldn't allow the other to try the penny, and prove whether 'twas a good one?" "I suppose," says I, "because he knew that 'twas a rasper." "You have it now," says he, "and it's often a kind of doubt comes across my mind that our religion must be a rasper too, or why would the priests be afraid to let us examine it?—if all was fair and sound, why would they be so much against inquiry, and against discussion, and against the Bible? Sure, yourself knows that if a poor man asks a question about religion it's only the worst of abuse he gets, and I can't help saying with the gossoun, 'that's poor satisfaction anyhow.' So with that he left me.—Your humble servant to command,

DAN CARTHY.

#### FARMING OPERATIONS FOR JANUARY.

**Wheat.**—Where there is a considerable breadth of wheat still unsown we would urge some extra exertion in committing it to the earth without delay; it is still a good time, but will require an additional quantity of seed as the season advances, so as to prevent the plant tillering at a late period, and which tends to produce successive growths and uneven ripening of the crop.

**Bere** may be sown in rich, dry, and early soils, for either a grain or soiling crop.

**Rye** may be sown on cold, backward, or mountain soils, for a grain or soiling crops, provided the soil be dry, or rendered so by thorough draining.

**Vetches.**—By the end of this month vetches may be sown, in warm, rich, and dry soils, if the weather be dry and open.

**Peas** may be sown any time this month, in dry and open weather, without manure, if the land be in tolerable condition; but if otherwise a moderate dressing of manure will improve the crop materially.

**Beans** may be sown by the middle or end of the month, on strong land, if not wet; if the land has not been well manured for a previous crop, it should get a liberal dressing. Although peas and beans may be sown this month, with every chance of success, we would prefer the next month, particularly if the present one should not turn out dry.

**Grass Lands.**—By the end of the month grass land, whether intended for meadow or pasture, should be cleared of stock; all top-dressing finished, well bush-harrowed, and rolled, as soon as the weather proves dry enough. All draining should be completed, and the land laid up, so as to be at full rest and free from trespass.

**Ewes** in lamb require attention. This being the coldest month in the year, dry lying, shelter, and wholesome, nutritious food, are absolutely necessary to keep the flock in health; avoid giving frozen turnips, and in their stead give abundance of hay.

**Fattening Wethers.**—The general management of the fattening wethers, and, indeed, all the stock of sheep, should be like that recommended for breeding ewes; but the fattening stock should be more liberally supplied; avoid giving too much cold, succulent food, instead of which they should have oil-cake or corn. Let such as are fat and ready for sale be disposed of.

**Pigs**, both stores and fattening, should be well and liberally fed, those nearest use for the butcher getting an extra quantity of grain.

**Manure.**—Attend to the accumulation of manure by every possible means; leaving it, as it accumulates, strewn about, exposed to rain and drying winds, causes much waste of this valuable commodity; let it, therefore, be gathered as it is made, and stored in good-sized heaps, well covered and protected by dry earth, bogstuff, or fresh litter, to preserve its most valuable components from being washed out by the rains; remove all road-scrappings, parings of banks, ditches, and the accumulation of rich earth on the headlands, to the compost-heaps, mixing them with fresh lime, sea, or rich pit sand, making them up into pyramidal heaps, to throw off the rain.

<sup>a</sup> 1 Peter iii., 15.<sup>b</sup> Acts xix., 9.<sup>c</sup> Acts xvii., 17.<sup>d</sup> End of Controversy, part I., letter 2.